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VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1758.

Original Poetry.

JUSTICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALICE CARY.

[illegible] on a vessel entered by
The bar to it comes in view,
From every brawny boatsy hurries quarterly,
A 4 courtesy makes.

The servant, of all trades the aptest,
Waits crowned and boutonnière eyes,
And with its skin or common purchase
To splendor rises

Its golden coat hath in the belt been gotten—
Who strikes the ground buy most,
Let such die or die the highest into heaven,
And sing the best.

Therefore I do conclude that Justice keeps
The great scale even,
And he that only soars in train here, reaps
With feet in heaven.

Original Novelet.

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A PEDESTRIAN.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

And roaring rivers rent their obedient bulwarks.
Campbell

It was with feelings of positive relief that I listened to the lady's communication, which, while it impressed me deeply with sympathy for her sorrows, and respect for her resolution and the firm virtue by which she sustained her well-merited sorrows, removed from me all apprehension of being made the involuntary confidant of gloomy secrets of a painful character. I received at once the necessity which dictated the abandonment of her name and her connections, whose bitterness, whose hatred, whose cruelty, and whose persecution I had but too well learned in the course of discovery by her services brushood, and perhaps as an instinctive fear that her own, the ideal of her widowed heart, might at some time lapse into the same disgraceful train of thought and feeling. I regretted the voluntary widow, if I may so term her, appear to be less relieved than myself by the difference and the gulf of separation which the hopes of a renewed intimacy with my own interest; for when the mind is at ease how much less depressed and more cheerful, though it never rose to anything like gayety or merriment.

For three whole days did the wild storm continue, and for two weeks I a prisoner in that hospitable dwelling; but, now that the first restraint had passed, the hours glided away calmly and pleasantly, with the accustomed entertaining books, good music, conversation, conversation, in short, of every subject, single, stick or fencing, to compensate the lack of outdoor exercise, will never be compensated for, than half a week pass without weariness in a country house, though the wind may rave without, and the rain beat, and the rain beat pitilessly against the shaking window panes. And with all these means of pastime, with the persons whom I learned every moment more and more to respect and esteem, I never remember to have passed an equal number of days with equal satisfaction, or with less inclination to leave them. Nevertheless I had, and seek for others which I knew not of.

Like day and night, however, like joy and sorrow, the day and night of the mortal true external storms must have their end; and, on the fourth morning of my stay, the sun shone out as blithely as if it had been midsummer and the many colored groves of the hillsides, and the grass in the meadows, and even the dark verdure of the pine forests glittered, and seemed to rejoice in the genial atmosphere. One more day I was persuaded upon to spend in that happy place; for in spite of the gentle gloom of the house, there was a constant, all-pervading happiness discernible in the quietude, and in the endeavors of each one of the members of this secluded family which communicated itself even to the temporary sojourner in their midst. My excuse to myself—for one is ever disposed to form excuses where no excuse is needed—was, that I wished till the fields, which were out on all sides, should subside, and the roads which in consequence were not available to the pedestrian; but the truth was, that I was well at ease, in a peculiar state of *dolce far niente*, and that I felt in myself a peculiar reluctance to abandon so pleasant a retreat as I had found in the well-house by the lonely Wyalusing.

There is always, to my thought, something of gentle regret and quiet melancholy connected with departure from any scene wherein one has lasted long enjoyment, whether produced from any sorrow or the interruption of social ties, or from any positive dislike to the change of place or pursuit; and the feeling is the more doubt whether we shall ever see that on functor scene again, or be in the same company as we have been in its precincts; and never did I feel this sentiment more strongly than on the morning of the day when I made my leave to my kind entertainers, who, in the course of but two short days, had become strangely dear to my timules, even friends, to whose welfare I must ever feel the liveliest interest, and whose memory, should each be their lot, could not but cast a shadow on my own path likewise.

I had a pleasant journey on which I departed; there had been just enough of frost on the previous evening, to give an additional clearness to the purity of the atmosphere, and an unusual effulgence to the transparency of the waters, in which the beauty of the whole scenery was reflected as in a perfect mirror. The clear bracing air filled the lungs with an exhilarating sense of joy, and the consciousness of the spirit of champagne; the whole world was arrayed in its most glorious attire, and the sunlight that was abroad, from the insect to the human being, seemed to partake of the joy and the reason of the delicious hour. An earlier meal than usual had given me the liberty to make a more early start, in consideration of the long walk that lay before me; and the one had not been very long above the brow of the road on the mountain, when the collected family bade me farewell—not from the line alone, but evidently from the heart—from the the-door of their rustic home.

There was a dim mistiness to the full dark eye of the elder Master Hamilton, as she gave me her hand at parting, and bade me remember that she should expect a letter very quickly from her old friend and school-mate, and that I had a second home wherever I chose to visit it. In the old house by the Wyalusing; and her voice involuntarily trembled, as she bade "God speed and bless me."

Hardcrue, it had been arranged, should accompany me a few miles on my road, down to the village of the Falls, since the way was described as difficult and hard to find; the girls, likewise, and Olivre, whose manner was so right and careless as ever, were the others of whom I had to take leave; and had I been much addicted to vanity, or had I not already discovered that there was a sort of helpless, and rather painful sentimentality attached to the first bestowal upon my young guide and the daughter's handsome girl, her mother's namesake, I should have undergone some disappointment at perceiving that the manner to think much more of her impending separation from her stalwart and manly cousin, than of the stranger's absence for an indefinite period. Yet, whether from insensibility, preoccupation, or the perception I have mentioned, despite her artless beauty and unusual accomplishments, I was heart-whole, and after a half-sad, half-merry parting with the younger beauties, I went on my way, having no touch of love-sickness attached to my natural regret at my departure.

For some time, we stepped out startlily, interchanging few words, and both perhaps busy with our own thoughts; for my mind was somewhat full, I must admit, of the occurrences which had passed, and my confidence, to judge from what followed, was considering how he might best shape his conversation backward to the subject which I was revolving in my own busy brain, and to which we had not renewed since my introduction to the secrets of the house by its noble-minded mistress.

We had already passed the mill, and dived into the glen, where the autumnal condition of the road, the frequent gulleys washed down in the stones, the pools and mud holes in the every hollow, and there all the heaps of drift-wood, straw, and rubbish of all kinds, heaped in the sheets and beds in the branches of the way-side trees, and in the crevices of the craggy hill-side, which descended abruptly to the wheel track, on our right hand, showed how deep and dangerous had been the late inundation, when Hardcrue suddenly broke silence.

"So you are going," he said, thoughtfully, rather than really, "into the great world, for which we have gone forth forever; and in a few months, if not weeks, you will have forgotten, it is most like, our very existence. It is natural that you should do so; but it will not be so with us, we shall think of you often and long, and most of us all, I suppose, my poor Aunt Marion. I never have seen her so much moved, as she has been by your presence."

"I know it," I replied, not without some restraint, for I knew not how far he was himself aware of the circumstances of the case; of which he stated I was justified in communicating with him on that score. "My mother was a widow, and, old friend of your aunt's, and I have often heard her speak of her—"

"Not of Marion Calvert," said the young man, half eagerly, but with a tone of regret that is not her name. But do not fancy that I was not pleased to see the interest that you evinced in her fortunes, and the kindness with which you received her. No, Actevy, I know, if not all, of the disgraceful story that has been current of her and her family, and I am justified in considering that she suspects how much I know—but till this hide me speak, I had of my duty to keep silence. Nor should I speak to you now, were that I have something to say, which I have not yet told to my dear mother, knowing I fear, self."

"Before I talk at all," I answered, "not admitting that I have anything to discover or disclose, you had, perhaps, better speak out freely, as to what you suppose me to have communicated to me."

"Well," he said, "I suppose you are right; and I will speak out. I know all our early story. Her name is Hamilton, not Calvert. My grandchild's uncle was twice married, for as he human fortune go, and her constant agony of terror from the fear that her cruel and worldliest may discover her retreat, and consummate his crime—for in him it is crime—by dragging Olivre down into the like ruin—the degradation with himself. I was a little boy, a mere child, when the commencement of time: but I saw, and heard, and noticed all—such misery, such agony, such horror! Were in Ireu a hundred years, I never should forget a particle of it. It seems as if it were burnt into my memory, and into my brain. I am sure, at times, she suspects that I remember something, but I seek all I can to conceal from her that I have any recollection of the past."

"But wherefore do you so?" I asked quickly. "Is there anything unpleasant in the fact, that her thoughts to me; why should she not be in the same way affected, I told she conceive with the present? Why not be candid and confidential to me?"

"Not so much, perhaps, as she has in any one now," he answered, "—but I fear her confidence in me, is much weakened. Between me and her, however, it is entirely different. Next to the return of her pernicious husband, what she most dreads is the awakening of memories in Olivre's mind; and I doubt not, it is almost as much on that account, as to avoid discovery by us, that she has so long declined my visits, and never alludes to the past. If she knew that I had any recollection of it, she would at once suppose that he remembered too, and would tremend herself into an agony."

"But why," I said, "should Olivre?" I asked, anxiously.

Hardcrue shook his head, but he suspects much; and he is naturally of a busy, anxious, restless mind: somewhat suspicious, somewhat jealous of her own rights, and more than usual resentful of his father, and has been chafing restlessly at his long absence, and at the fact that he could not write, or wherefore absent. It is a very terrible, indeed an awful state of things, when the mind begins to suspect, and to feel, and to love and honor and obey until death do part, and yet cannot be certain, sickening, say I demoniac himself, that she, whose heart once thrilled with joy at his keenest sound, should be a father and a villain—a villain as if it were the trumpet-blast of doom, and hold it with her own brain. I am sure, at times, she suspects that I remember something, but I seek all I can to conceal from her that I have any recollection of the past."

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I had a pleasant journey on which I departed; there had been just enough of frost on the previous evening, to give an additional clearness to the purity of the atmosphere, and an unusual effulgence to the transparency of the waters, in which the beauty of the whole scenery was reflected as in a perfect mirror. The clear bracing air filled the lungs with an exhilarating sense of joy, and the consciousness of the spirit of champagne; the whole world was arrayed in its most glorious attire, and the sunlight that was abroad, from the insect to the human being, seemed to partake of the joy and the reason of the delicious hour. An earlier meal than usual had given me the liberty to make a more early start, in consideration of the long walk that lay before me; and the one had not been very long above the brow of the road on the mountain, when the collected family bade me farewell—not from the line alone, but evidently from the heart—from the the-door of their rustic home.

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but the truth I know she would ever tell him. But I think the concealment injudicious, pernicious. I know he chafes at it; questions its justice; and, what is worse, decides her attempt to set aside the existence of liquor by settling aside the families of it. I fear greatly that if my uncle ever should return, all that she has done to counteract his influence on Olivre, will tend to increase the hatred that he may bear him now, with the interest of excited curiosity, he could meet him then, with the interest of gratified hope, and welcome him with affection. I think, at times, in his wayward moods, he strives to look upon him as an ill-used man. He asked me once, bitterly enough, if I supposed his mother had discarded his father; because she could not keep him as usual on my departure.

"I am afraid you are in the right. What would come of it, if he put the direct question to her?"

"I know not. Perhaps she would tell him; but he will never put it. He is a good lad, and affectionate, despite all his little failings, and he loves her truly. It is his head, not his heart, that I distrust: and he sees, as you perceived on the day after your arrival, how dreadfully any allusion to the past overcomes her. I almost wish he would, but he never will, put that question."

I pondered a moment or two, before I answered; for, young as I was, and heedless of such matters in those days, I was a good deal moved and disturbed both by the circumstance themselves, and by the involuntary confidence and full communication into which I had been brought.

"I am sure she desires me to repeat her wholesale to my own mother," I said at length; "and has charged her very earnestly to write and counsel her, as to that. That she will do so without a moment's loss of time, I am as certain as I am that I stand here. I will add what you have told me now, and will move my mother, all that I can by reason—and she takes my opinion sometimes for more than it is perhaps worth—to urge Mrs. Hamilton to do as you would advise, which I think decidedly the best course. The fewer concealments the better, always. It would be a good world, if there could be none at all."

"I thank you, with all my heart," said he, stopping short, and grasping me by the hand cordially. "I am truly glad I spoke to you. It was not without an effort that I did so; for never have I whispered a word of this to any living soul, not even to myself in articulate words. But, I know not how it is, I have been attracted to put confidence in you, from the beginning; you are so unlike any one I have ever seen before. so grave and calm and thoughtful. One would say that nothing could surprise you, or take you at unawares."

"Manner only," I answered, quickly, "more manner, acquired by mixing much and early with society, and by habit. I am not that I am just as rash and impulsive, and make just as great a fool of myself at times, as the wildest and most wilful. But I will act knowingly forfeit your confidence; and I will do all in my power to deserve your friendship."

"Quickly," he replied. "Lose no time, or be quickly, or it will be too late. I am in constant anxiety, almost apprehension—"

"Of what?" I interrupted him, earnestly, and looking around me suddenly. "Olivre, do you doubt him?—does he—has he shown any indirect desire to circumvent—to—detain?"

"I cannot say that. He never has been frank, certainly; not even near to—shown to be a more child. But he is very much changed, literally, to boast him with spirits, till he would be the 'beauty' and the 'belle' of every party and ball, and knew no other name for any hero but 'Calvert.' Now, he is 'I,' 'myself,' and 'me,' to take a glass, at times, when absent from home, and when Aunt Marion could not hear of it. I have feared, at such times, that he filled the taste of it, if he have not yet fully tasted the dragging Oliver down into the like ruin—the degradation with himself. I was a little boy, a mere child, when he commenced the last time: but I saw, and heard, and noticed all—such misery, such agony, such horror! Were in Ireu a hundred years, I never should forget a particle of it. It seems as if it were burnt into my memory, and into my brain. I am sure, at times, she suspects that I remember something, but I seek all I can to conceal from her that I have any recollection of the past."

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Our Picture Gallery.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

[See Article.]

CHAPTER VI.

Immediately stood, without moving or
Horse for at least, for in little interest than a stone, and when
he is secure, he is little better than a stone.
Henry IV., Pt. I., I. 3.

We had not proceeded far, before the sound of which Arnim had spoken, and which I at first reached my ears, was little more distinct than a distant wind coming up through the trees, and in the pauses of the breeze the unquestionable voice of a cataract; and, at every step we took, its sharp, angry tones were more clearly audible above the deep, hoarse undertone which first announced it.

The path we were following sloped steeply down into a dark, shadowy dell, the Wyalusing valley, which still wound more or less considerably on our left, foaming more rapidly during the night, deserted, and chafing angrily enough to have excited surprise, had it not been for the solitude near which announced the junction of its tributary stream.

The day was already wearing on toward noon, and from the description I had heard of the hostelry at the "Falls of the Wyalusing," of the accommodations I was likely to receive, and the guests I might expect to meet, I was eager to push forward as rapidly as I might, to have time for my own dressing before dinner, and to make some necessary refreshment, and then to hasten forward to a solitary wayside tavern, some two miles further down the road, where I should meet, as I had been told, a coach, and my own trunk, a decent host, and a quiet country welcome.

So we strode steadily along the descending path, neither of us, in truth, much inclined to speak, for the story of which we had been engaged in the recital was one of deep interest, and while there was no inclination to dwell longer on that subject, there was no temptation also to begin a fresh theme, and so nearly an hour was without an effort, so shortly before Arnim.

"A couple of dollars," replied the young man, kindly, "if you'll carry him up to the house, and the sudder will fill your pouch with some good tobacco, and she has got, I think, a few cigars, left from the 'Little Flower.' Will the 'Bald Eagle' take him?"

"Why! what's the matter with you this fine morning, Jacob? I don't mind having your company for a bit, but you're further down than you choose to say now, you know that neither I, nor any good white man either steals or tells."

"I don't know—never see good white men, that is, neither of us, to talk

Original Sketches.

SCENES IN THE SNOW DRIFTS.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUNT ALICE.

Sunday morning dawned upon us, much the same as the Sabbath had done, bright and glistening. We arose from our cramped positions and looked about us. First one neighbor bowed to us, then another, and we found we had become acquainted without any formal introductions. In a short time we were chatting familiarly, and making our toilets as best we could, preparatory to going out (or in) to breakfast. One lady found a comb in her pocket, and this was freely used by the company; and a gentleman produced a small, three-inch mirror, which he told us he had bought for his little girl, and this too went the rounds. One lady fairly screamed, as she caught sight of her own face—

"Why," said she, "you will not believe it, but I am called quite a good-looking woman at home, but oh, oh, how I *do* look now!"

The gentleman with the frozen feet smilingly pronounced himself much better. The old black man remarked that "de best ting for to keep de feet from freezing, was to walk bare-foot in de snow every morning," so our cheerful editor bantered one of the legislators for a race, and drawing off their boots and hose, they started out. We all crowded to the door to see the fun; it was cold sport, but they ran well, considering. They did pick up their feet rather fast, like "hens on a hot griddle," but they shouted and floundered, sometimes up to their waists in snow, falling down, rolling over, up again, their *bare feet* flying up and down briskly. They came in at last, and declared themselves much refreshed by their exercise.

At breakfast we were much surprised to find a quantity of boiled eggs on the table. We were delighted, and thought "egg time" had come, as the children say, but the very first one we opened, rather adhered to the shell, and we were then told that a barrel of packed eggs had been sent in, with other provisions, the night before, so they were not fresh eggs, after all.

"No, thank you, we never eat eggs, pass the crackers, if you please."

Breakfast over, we again repaired to the cars; they felt quite like home now, so we took a walk through them. In one car sat two prisoners, on their way to Alton, chained together; they sat eating their breakfast as we passed them. We remarked that these must be about the only persons on board who were not annoyed at our delay. But the Sheriff assured us they were just as impatient to get on, as any of us. You see no one is ever satisfied if the trains are behind time.

In our seat once more, with nothing to read but some yellow-covered novels, deserted by their owners, and as these could not tempt us, we began to talk, and ask questions of each other.

The gentlemen laid their plans to go on to Pontiac, hoping there to meet the cars in motion; they talked loud and long, but only a few started, and they went on foot.

Two sled loads of provisions came in during the forenoon, and these returned loaded with passengers from the cars. Our numbers were thinning out fast. You may perhaps ask why we did not all leave the cars. Well, let me tell you, it takes a great many two-horse sleds to haul off three hundred and fifty persons. But few men could be induced, for love or money, to risk their teams through the deep snow, so we had to "bide our time."

You think now I am spinning this out to useless length. But it can never appear so long or tedious to you, as did the time to us. You have no idea, yet, how it will all end. Perhaps all on board did finally perish, "only *one* left to tell the tale," as the story books have it.

Be patient, dear reader, as we were, and you shall know all in time.

Dinner at three again—bill of fare this time, stewed prairie hens, stewed quails, fried pork, saleratus biscuit, rich and yellow, no butter. For dessert, fried cakes, without sweetening, coffee, without cream, crackers, and boiled rice.

Returned to the cars at 4 P. M., and began parching corn on the stoves. Everybody had a finger in this, and generally a burnt finger, too. Land speculators would put a price on land, turn their corn, buy five hundred acres of unseen prairie, eat a hot grain or two, dispute the title, and burn their fingers. Legislators took their turn, one declaring this candidate the only man *fit* to fill the office, put on more corn; the next man proving beyond a doubt that *his* candidate for United States Senator was perfect in every point, munch a grain of half-burned corn; and turn away to give place to others. Ladies shelled corn, described the latest fashions, burned their tongues, promised to send patterns to each other, turned over the burning grains, and admired their neighbor's breastpin. One man, looking on, repeated, solemnly, as he filled his mouth with the *raw* material—

"Oh, I wish I were a goose,
All forlorn, all forlorn.
Oh, I wish I were a goose, all forlorn,
Oh, I wish I were a goose, to eat my corn to peace.
And cultivate much grease.
Eating corn!"

We were rather a dingy-looking set of people, soiled collars prevailed, both on the ladies and gentlemen; widow Grey took off her collar, and pinning a piece of black velvet in its place, declared she was in mourning for her bachelor friend. Then ladies gathered their furs about their necks, and said, "We look no worse than the gents." "A collar, a collar! my kingdom for a collar!" exclaimed a youth, called "Cleveland," as we knew not his proper name, and "widow Grey" kindly offered to give him a clean one, if he would loan her his for a few moments. He took it off, and handed it to her, thinking she was jesting; another lady asked him for his soiled handkerchief, on which he had been obliged to wipe his face for the last three days, after washing it in the snow. The two ladies disappeared for a short time, and then returned the two pieces, nicely done up. They had coaxed the little landlady for a basin of warm water, some flour, for starch, and a flat-iron, and these they had made good use of.

Arrayed in his clean collar, Cleveland "was himself again," and flourishing his clean cambric, he pretended to put on airs, and acted the dandy for our amusement. He lisped, quite affectedly,

"Ah, if I only had them with perfumery, them peppermint, for instanth," &c.

A plain, matter-of-fact man sitting near, took it all for earnest, and drawing a small vial from his pocket, said,

"You can have some of mine, sir."

Cleveland held out his handkerchief, and it was soon plentifully sprinkled with peppermint. You should have seen him, as he held it off at arm's-length, not daring to bring it nearer his nose.

"Oh, yes, it's strong, I know," said the man. "It's the real ile. I got it from my cousin, in York State!"

This set us all to laughing, and Cleveland left the cars for a short walk, and when he came in, he held his wet cambric to the stove to dry, said he had let it fall in the snow, but we knew he had been trying to wash out the perfumery, but it was the "real ile," and still told.

Our editor, seeing some of our gentlemen looking rather solemn about their soiled linen, brought out his carpet bag, and distributed all he had amongst them. Of course there was not enough for all, but those who were supplied, felt much better, and the unfortunate ones worse than ever.

Thus the day wore away. The lamps were lighted, and then we gave a grand concert, all singing at once, beginning with,

"Do they miss me at home,
Do they miss me?"

This almost brought tears to our eyes. Then came,

"Home, sweet home."

And then,

"Home again, home again."

And closing with,

"My native land, good night."

We were still standing about in groups, when a voice from one of the seats said,

[illegible]

them, to awaken them betimes in the morning. It was made of an oyster-can, filled with shelled corn, but it sounded too soon, for the first movement they made, down it tumbled, and quite startled the lady in the next berth. Another hearty laugh was the result, and then all was still until daybreak.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1855.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. *For $5, in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post-Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00	"

Persons residing in *British North America* must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PUBLISHERS' TROUBLES.

The quality of the paper on which the Post has been printed for some time past, has been a source of much mortification to us. And yet *we have never paid so high for paper as we have been paying during the last six months.* Owing to the large size of our sheet, the high price of paper, and the lowness of our subscription rates, we have been positively unable to do better. But we are glad to be able to say, that there is a prospect at last of a decline in the price of paper, and that we shall be able before long to improve the quality of our sheet, without any diminution of its size. We may be allowed to express our thanks to our subscribers for their patient sufferance of the evil—seeing, as they probably did, that our only remedy while paper continued so high, was either to reduce the size of our sheet, or to increase the rates of our subscriptions. So far as the *contents* of our paper are concerned, we never expended so much money upon them as we are now regularly doing, and we are glad to believe that never was there less dissatisfaction with their quality.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that ever issued from the press. In our THIRTY-FOURTH year, and with between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy-rights, but *merely of the privilege of first publication*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—witness the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT, ALICE CAREY, METTA VICTORIA FULLER, FANNY FERN, and a NEW CONTRIBUTOR, (whose name by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And Grace Greenwood for no other, with the exception of her own admirably conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We are now publishing an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled,

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

By a PEDESTRIAN.

In addition to the Novelet already given by Grace Greenwood, we are promised two other short Novelets,

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

THE NABOB'S WILL.

We also have made arrangements for the following additional contributions:—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN.

MARK, THE SEXTON,

A Novelet, bearing upon the subject of "SPIRITUALISM," by MRS. DENISON, Author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c., &c.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novelet, by MARY IRVING.

And last, but by no means least, from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's *exclusive* contributor,

VIVIA:

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE and STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. *For terms, &c., see head of column.*

THE FIREMEN.—Thirty companies went out of service last Saturday night, having resolved not to act under the new ordinance for the regulation of the Fire Department. Among these were a number of the most disorderly companies—several of them being at the time declared out of service by the Court of Common Pleas.

[illegible]

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The death of Nicholas, the accession of the new Czar Alexander, and the effect of these events upon the war now raging in Europe, and on the probabilities of peace—these are the questions which of late have been engaging the pens of the whole world. [illegible] "maintain harmony among the European nations, as far as it is in your power. Above all things, may Prussia, Russia and Austria never separate. Their union should be considered the keystone of the great European alliance."

Alexander, the new Czar, in his Manifesto to the nations, announcing the death of his father and the leading principles of his own Government, says:—

"As the deceased devoted himself incessantly to the welfare of his subjects, so do we, also, on ascending the throne of Russia and of Poland and Finland, *inseparable from each other*, take a solemn oath before God to regard the welfare of our Empire as our only object. May Providence, which has selected us for so high a calling, be our guide and protector, that we may maintain Russia on the highest standard of power and glory, *and in our person accomplish the incessant wishes and views of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander, and of our father!*"

Alexander has also issued an address to the Russian armies, calculated further to arouse their warlike enthusiasm.

These facts do not appear to warrant a more hopeful looking forward towards a conclusion of the war—and still it is evident that the general opinion of Europe leans to the view, that the death of Nicholas has removed a serious obstacle in the way of peace. For Alexander universally is regarded as leaning more to German views than his father—and it is known that the German party at St. Petersburg originally were opposed to the war, and the measures which led thereto. As to the report that Nicholas himself had counselled his son with his dying breath to obtain a peace—saying that he never would have begun the war, had he believed in the possibility of such ancient enemies as England and France (the latter, too, under Louis Napoleon) leaguing together for any object—this is obviously a rumor of too uncertain and suspicious a character to exercise much influence upon the opinions of sensible men.

And still—admitting that the present Czar *personally* may be much more anxious for peace than ever his father was—we see not how the war can at present be brought to a close. For it is not, as we have before said, a war of jealous sovereigns—it is a war of principles and races. Every great people must have an ideal—and Russia, debarred from Liberty, indulges in the ideal of Conquest. This is what the new Czar refers to when he speaks of the incessant "wishes and views of Peter, of Catharine, of Alexander, and of our father." Even Alexander, the most moderate and peaceful of the four—and whom the present Alexander is believed to most resemble—offered to unite his arms with Napoleon, if the latter would give him, for his share, Constantinople. But the great Corsican refused; it would have been, he deemed, treason to civilization and to Europe.

Kossuth recently has published a letter upon this matter, which, as it incorporates partly our own views, in very expressive language, we think well to quote in this connection. Kossuth seems to be at last awake to the danger of the reckless path he recently has been treading, and now speaks out in a tone and manner we can understand. Alluding to the barbarous applause among certain portions of the English people, when the death of Nicholas was announced, he says:—

"The fact on this occasion is simply this: First—the great majority of the English nation, all that there is commercial and aristocratical, is thoroughly tired of the war. They don't care a bit about the issue, about all the questions implied in the contest, or about future complications which could not fail to attend a temporary arrangement.

"All this has not the slightest importance with them; they want peace, peace, peace, at any price, in whatever form, for whatever time. Secondly—there is no possibility to make them understand the nature of the contest and the meaning of the war. While the history of a thousand years cries out with a thousand tongues, that the policy with which the present war originates on the part of Russia, is by no means of a personal character peculiar to Nicholas, or even of a dynastical character peculiar to the Romanoffs, but is essentially national, historical, hereditary, the English persist with unparalleled blindness, in attributing it to ambition personal to Nicholas. There is a perfect infatuation on the subject. Nicholas being removed, they believe the cause of war removed, and peace to be sure. Hence the uncontrollable ebullition of their joy at the tidings of his death. They felt as if a nightmare had slipped from their breast and they could not help shouting cheerfully, amidst their dream, unconscious of the fact that the shout is but a revelation of their weakness and fear. Their awakening will be dreadful I apprehend. * * * * * *

"The young Emperor Alexander II. is not found slow in his revelations. In his first manifesto, he declares to take a solemn oath before God, to '*maintain Russia on the highest standard of power and glory, and to accomplish the incessant wishes and views of Peter, of Catherine, of Alexander, and of Nicholas.*' Has the tarentula of personal ambition stung the young man likewise? No! He is but the incumbent of Muscovite Czarism—that's all.

"The wishes and views of Peter, Catherine, Alexander and Nicholas! Why, what does that mean? The wishes and views of Peter, you know from his life, and from his last will; and you know likewise, that he caused his own son to be murdered in prison, estimating him incapable of carrying out his views. The wishes and views of Catherine are told in those words, '*this is the road to Constantinople.*' Those of Alexander I., in the saying, '*Constantinople is the key to my own house*,' and by the Tilsit negotiations. Those of Nicholas are known from his campaign of 1828; from the repeated occupation of Moldo-Wallachia; from his intervention in Hungary (the foulest act in his sanguinary career, which I trust to the justice of the Almighty, weighed the heaviest in the balance of retribution to his soul;) his wishes and views are known from the secret Seymour correspondence, and from the actual war. These are the wishes and views which the new Emperor swears to accomplish.

"And England dreams of peace. Well, peace is possible, if England and France are such fools as to grant to Russia the opening of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Then the hereditary aim of Russian policy is attained; the views and wishes of Peter, Catherine, Alexander and Nicholas are accomplished. [illegible]

DIPLOMATIC OBEDIENCE.

It has come to light, since the publication of the Ostend correspondence, that Mr. Soulé, instead of striving after a settlement of the Black Warrior difficulty, purposely kept it open, in order, no doubt, to aggravate the bad feeling between the two countries! That our readers may be informed as to the manner in which this gentleman acted, we quote the following short summary of the facts:

"Under date of June 22nd, 1854, Mr. Marcy wrote to Mr. Soulé, giving him full authority to settle the Black Warrior and other individual cases of difficulty separately from matters referring to the ultimate fate of Cuba, and gave him detailed instructions as to the mode of procedure, &c. Under date of August 16th, Mr. Marcy again wrote to Mr. Soulé at some length, repeating his former instructions. Under date of October 27th, Mr. Marcy again wrote to Mr. Soulé, reminding him of his former despatch, and saying, that as Mr. Soulé had acknowledged the receipt of it, but given no account of his action thereon, the President desired information, &c. Mr. Soulé replies under date of November 10th, acknowledging that he had not complied with his instructions in presenting to the Spanish Cabinet the despatch sent him, and giving as his excuse that he wished to wait further advices from Washington, in consequence of certain events. And on the 17th of December, the same day on which he resigned his position as Envoy, Mr. Soulé writes to Mr. Marcy that he had, on the 8th of December, given the despatch to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs. *That despatch caused the settlement of the difficulty.* The truth appears to be, that Mr. Soulé looked upon the Black Warrior, and all other Cuban outrages, as only so many fortunate occurrences to be used for the acquisition of Cuba."

Thus Mr. Soulé delayed communicating the dispatch of the Secretary of State, forwarded to him under date of *June 22nd*, until the 8th of *December*. And why? Because he did not wish that difficulty settled. But what right had he to disobey express instructions from the administration at home, in order to further his own peculiar notions of what would be most conducive to the interests of the United States?

But there are a class of men in this country, who rejoice over all our difficulties with Spain—and who magnify every action on her part into an "outrage," no matter how clearly within the law of nations. Thus if Spain, menaced by an invasion of filibusters, exercises the undoubted right of examining all vessels sailing near her coast, in order to see whether they contain her enemies or not, it is called an "outrage" and an "insult to our flag!" And if, after having refused to recognize consular *agents* in Cuba, she arrests an American for placing the arms of the United States at his door, and thus directly violating her laws, it is bruited through the length and breadth of the Union as "another outrage." And thus the officials of Spain in Cuba are represented to be striving continually to pick a quarrel with this country, while every one can see that it is most clearly their interest to do nothing calculated to impair the good feeling between the two nations. But, even for the purpose of maintaining this good feeling, they cannot be expected to allow a *Filibuster steamer* to sail without questioning into one of their harbors, because she chooses to hoist the American colors at her mast head.

In truth this whole business of Cuban "outrage," reminds one entirely too much of the fable of the wolf and the lamb. "Why do you muddy the water so when I am drinking?" exclaimed the wolf. "I do not see how that can be," replied the lamb, because the water runs from you towards me." "You are insulting," continued the wolf; "and now I recognize you as the sheep that *baaed at me a year ago.*" "It could not have been me," replied the lamb, "for I was not born at that time." "No matter," replied the now thoroughly angry wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father"—and so he sprung upon him, and ate him up in a twinkling.

Whenever we hear one of the Great Powers, like Russia, or Great Britain, or the United States, which has scarcely-concealed longings for Turkey, or Birmah, or Cuba, talking about the "insults" and "outrages" they are continually receiving from the territories they covet, we always think of this fable of the wolf and the lamb. And while we admit that, if the United States should practise on the principles of this fable, she would be *no worse* than the leading nations of Europe, we also know that if this Republic is to tread that high path of Glory and of Virtue which shall begin a New Era among the nations, she must not descend to the same low level of rapine and crime. *No worse than Europe!* When that becomes the proudest motto we can claim for America, then is the day of our destruction and desolation nigh. And rightfully so—for it may then be said of us, in the language of the Prophet: "What hast thou to do in the way of Egypt, to drink the waters of Sihor? or what hast thou to do in the way of Assyria, to drink the waters of the river? *Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then* art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?"

Yes, when we begin to wander out of the straight ways in which our fathers were planted—and burn with the lusts which have devoured the peace and liberties of the nations of the old world—then farewell to all which is truly Republican among us. For covetousness will beget wars of conquest, and wars will beget corruption, and aristocracies, and despots; and instead of rearing up as it were a "New Jerusalem" among the nations, we shall build but a Modern, and, ultimately, *Imperial* Rome. This nation is now standing at the Parting of the Ways. The temptation has come to us, as it comes to every individual and to every nation. On the one side stands the Tempter, in gorgeous robes arrayed, pointing with exulting finger to the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," and saying, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship Me;"—and, on the other side, stands the figure of the meek and lowly Saviour, saying, "It is written Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve!" Upon that choice between the hope of Worldly Grandeur, and Christian Righteousness, hang the destinies of unborn millions of men!

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

In the April number of the *North American Review*—sent to us by *Zieber*—we find the following remarks on newspapers. They occur in a critical notice of Parton's "Life of Horace Greeley:"—

"This is no place for criticism on the newspaper press of America. So we say nothing of the Tribune, though we should not be sorry to [illegible]

NOVEL-READING.

Time was, when a novel was invariably and strictly a love tale; a [illegible] of white muslin through [illegible] volumes, from the first chapter, [illegible] to the last, [illegible] of character, as a general thing, [illegible] [illegible] adapted to the feeblest capacities; supposed to be fit only for weak young women, and very unfit for them. Who can wonder that, with examples all around them of the fatal effects of this mental entertainment, right-minded, earnest people should frame a creed of Total Abstinence from fiction; and that novel-reading, from being regarded with contempt and dread, should come to be denounced by teachers, and preachers, and heads of families, almost as a crime?

But it is a too often forgotten truth, that conclusions established never so wisely by one generation, should not be implicitly acted upon by the next, without fresh examination of the premises—names change; things change; conditions change. Had our grandfathers been asked to describe the kind of reading against which they inveighed, they might have answered with tolerable safety—"Works of fiction—false and exaggerated pictures of life and its duties—books which, valueless themselves, have power to destroy all taste for valuable reading—in short, novels."

But if the question were asked to-day, we find that either the term "novel" must be greatly narrowed in signification, or we shall proscribe a goodly portion of the purest, most instructive, and, we fear not to say, the profoundest literature of the age. What realm of thought is inaccessible to imagination? how many subjects of present human interest exist, of which fiction has not been made the successful vehicle? Douglas Jerrold, writing "St. Giles and St. James," preached a sermon on the force of circumstances, and the charity due from us therefor, toward our tempted brothers and sisters, which can never be forgotten by those who read it. Dickens, from the pulpit-desk of his dramatic genius, makes his every character a sermon. The story of the old Carrier, in the "Cricket on the Hearth," and the lesson there taught of a sublime, but possible, domestic patience and charity, is worth just so many barrels of moral homilies as it would take to make as lasting an impression on the hearer's heart.

Then in the way of opinions, very many original minds have lately chosen to teach through fiction. Kingsley, for instance, found a way with his "Alton Locke" into the minds of thousands whom he would not have reached with a series of essays on Chartism. And for a vivid and reliable description of the struggles of early Christianity, what so powerful as his Hypatia?

And there is Mrs. Gaskill, author of Mary Barton, who has lately published a story called "North and South," (a story worthy to stand by the best of Dickens') in which she has given us a description of some of the difficulties between capital and labor, and the fatal misunderstandings between the consciences of both parties, which implies a lesson of charity seldom inculcated by volumes of political economy.

We may add to these, a novel now before us, called "Afraja; or, Life and Love in Norway"—translated by our townsman, Edward Joy Morris, from the German of Theodore Mugge. This is an excellent fiction, combining the two rare essentials, intensity of interest and purity of tone. We are not at a loss in these days for exciting literature of a certain character; books that we pick up and "cannot lay down unfinished," are as plentiful as gin toddys, and in the end as demoralizing in effect. To keep up the relish of a story as pure and healthful as water, is a rather more difficult matter, and much praise is due to the writer who effects it.

The story before us, of the strange, wild life in those northern regions, is romantic enough to suit the most fanciful, and at the same time pictured with the familiar fidelity natural to one who has lived, as the author, in the very heart of what he describes. His interweaving of special human interests with description and history does not, we have high authority for saying, impair the truth of what he gives as true, while it adds a vividness of impression which mere general history or geography can never impart.

The contrast of character between the shrewd, prosperous, almost Yankee traders and their neighbors, the Lapps and Finns, the trials of the hero, a young Danish nobleman in search of honest independence, the doleful discrepancies between his ideas of integrity and his determination to prosper as a speculator, are clearly and feelingly told.

The heroine is, as usual, not much of a heroine, such a creation being, if we may judge by the number of failures, the most difficult of all literary achievements. Ilda is, as usual, entirely too perfect; suggesting the idea of a tall, hard, unexceptionable wax candle, standing patiently in her candlestick, waiting to be either lighted or set aside; patience being the obvious and only duty of candlehood. Nor can we blame the author of a candle for keeping her hard; it is her only possible virtue, and the alternative is destruction: she must keep upright or become a grease-spot. We would only timidly suggest that young women in novels, as in real life, should be allowed to possess a somewhat more complicated organization. If the delineation of a young girl's heart does not make it capable of infinite degrees of vibration between perfection and destruction, it is not true to human nature; and if she has not central force and balance of character sufficient to ensure her equilibrium in spite of vibrations, she is not fit for a heroine.

After this, perhaps, hyper-criticism, we would say that in spite of faults, we have rarely found a novel more worthy a careful reading.

Even Thomas Carlyle would philosophize in novel form if he could. He has come very near it in that most unnecessarily knotty of books, Sartor Resartus. That is a novel, unlike as it may seem at first appearance.

But we are brought to a sudden halt by the remembrance of the many novels—historical, philosophical, theological and philanthropical, full of reliable instruction, or of original and fervid thought—which should find their honored place in any essay upon the power and benefi- [illegible]

"THE LOST HEIRESS."

A curious manifestation of English regard for the rights of Authors, and of New York literary enterprise, has come to light within a short time past.

It appears that the publisher of the *London Journal*, thinking truly that Mrs. Southworth's Novelet, "The Lost Heiress," was an admirable production, concluded to serve it up to his own readers. To this there could be no objection—but, in the doing of it, he thought it would best promote his interests, to omit stating that it was a republication of an American novel, which first appeared in that very respectable Philadelphia paper, the Saturday Evening Post, and the author of which was that accomplished lady, Mrs. *Eden* Southworth, of the District of Columbia. Not only did he neglect stating these facts, but he took the liberty of changing the name to the following, "The True and False Heiress." And not only did he thus cut off one head, and put on another, but he absolutely changed the scene of the story from America to England, and altered Daniel Hunter, Governor, into Daniel *Ransom, Prime Minister.*

So much for English honesty and ingenuity—now for New York enterprise.

Scarcely had this London republication reached the shores of the new world, when its value was perceived by two very enterprising New Yorkers. One of them immediately announces it in his journal under its *foreign* name; while the other invents the *third* and somewhat magnificent title of "Duty and Revenge; or, The Minister's Daughter"—terming it, in addition, "A Brilliant and Absorbing Narrative of Domestic Life," and stating that "*its absorbing and thrilling details will surpass anything of the kind heretofore published.*"

Well, it is a capital joke. Here we have the frank and very proper acknowledgments of two New York journalists as to the genius of Mrs. Southworth, and the power displayed in her productions. Very curious it is, however, that the story had to make a voyage to England and back, before they found it out. We published from eighty to ninety thousand copies of the "Lost Heiress"—distributing it North, South, East and West; and then it was printed in book form, and many more thousands distributed. But these enterprising New Yorkers remain in unhappy ignorance of this "brilliant and absorbing narrative of domestic life," until it comes to them in the pages of a *London* periodical!

And after all the trouble of our New York friends—to say nothing of the expense gone to by one of them, in *advertising* a whole column of the story in the Philadelphia daily *Ledger*—the publication cannot be continued by them. *For the book is a copy-righted one.*

As some compensation, however, for their disappointment, we will be pleased to furnish each of them with a copy of Mrs. Southworth's *next* story, as it regularly appears in the Post. They will not then be liable to commit such another egregious and provoking blunder.

TYPE-SETTING.

A type-setting machine has been invented in New York, by a brother of John Mitchell, which is now used in a book publishing office of that city, and which, it is said, will do the work of five men; and, after deducting the manual assistance required to operate them, the saving in the cost of composition is an important item.

The types, as a general thing, show the employers but very little mercy when they can manage to get the upper hand—but, for their sakes, we almost should dislike to see a machine, such as the above is described to be, coming into general use.

And yet, on the whole, it would be a good thing, probably even for the types. It is a mean business, that of setting-type—as our female friends will acknowledge one of these days. It is trying both to eyes and nerves. Working on a morning paper especially, through the dark, dull hours of night, is a severe task to even the strongest constitution. The eyesight is impaired, and men of forty look from ten to fifteen years older. The exhausting nature of the occupation also often leads to indulgence in the intoxicating bowl, and this of course only aggravates in the end the weakness it was designed to remove. Thus the compositor on the daily paper, too often ends his life in feebleness and dissipation. In the weekly paper, and the book office, his duties are not so wearing, but still they also are calculated in their degree to impair his health and vigor.

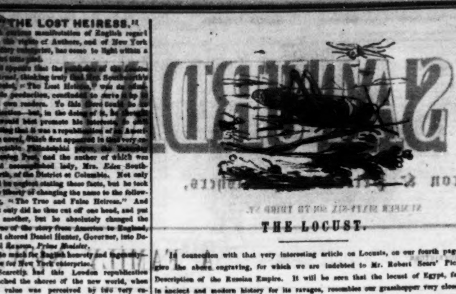
CONSCIENCE AT WORK.

The Secretary of the Treasury, under date of March 24th, acknowledges the receipt of $376 in an envelope, marked "overpaid."

Probably the above was from some repentant Senator, who had taken it in the shape of "*constructive* mileage." In other words, mileage for a journey home and back, never performed. But what Senator was it? Could it have been Badger—drawn to the study of the Scriptures by our recent allusion to him in connection with a certain text? Or Houston, who, it is said, lately has become "pious?" Or Clayton—looking forward to a nomination for the Presidency—and desirous of not "carrying weight" on the course? Ah, these natural questions probably never will be answered—but we still may be allowed the felicity of believing, that conscience is at length beginning to do its work among the politicians.

THE GENERAL ENROLMENT IN RUSSIA.—We see it stated that the first corps of the new "militia of the empire" is to assemble in April—but that every man is to remain in his ordinary place of residence, without uniform or arms, until the order for departure is given. We question whether that general enrolment and arming of the peasantry ever takes place. If it does, the cause of freedom in Russia probably will be a considerable gainer by the war. Russia, too, it seems, is not without her dangerous questions—which render her averse to kindling the fires of a great war. For when once the demon of strife is unloosed in a serious quarrel, who can tell whether his torch will not be applied to apparently the most secure homesteads. Nothing tests the foundations of a nation's institutions, like the angry heavings and rockings of war. And few are the nations that have not their "skeleton in the closet."

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR LAW.—Last Sunday was the first under the new law, prohibiting the sale of liquor on that day. The law was universally regarded, except in the case of a [illegible]



THE LOCUST.

In connection with that very interesting article on Locusts, on our fourth page, we give the above engraving, for which we are indebted to Mr. Robert Sears' Pictorial Description of the Russian Empire. It will be seen that the locust of Egypt, famous in ancient and modern history for its ravages, resembles our grasshopper very closely.

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD. With Selections. Edited by GEORGE E. BAKER. New York: Redfield. Philada.: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The life of a man who has maintained for so many years the prominent position of Mr. Seward, cannot fail to excite attention. Although it is the inseparable fault of biographies written during the life of their subject, that they will either extenuate, or set down in prejudice, according to the perhaps unconscious bias of the writer, they have still their peculiar sort of usefulness.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES; OR, PRESENT, PAST AND FUTURE. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D. D. Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blakiston.

An elucidation of the Apocalypse, undertaking to show what prophecies have already been fulfilled, and calling attention to those now approaching consummation.

ENGLISH PAST AND PRESENT. By R. C. TRENCH, B. D. New York: Redfield. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston.

Four Lectures on the English Language, in use and obsolete. An interesting subject, clearly treated.

BOTANY OF THE SOUTHERN STATES. By Prof. JOHN DARBY, A. M. New York, Barnes & Co. Philadelphia, Smith & English.

A botanical text-book, of over 600 pages.

GRAHAM'S AMERICAN MAGAZINE. We think we perceive a decided improvement in this Magazine. In the April number, now before us, we have a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, a Fashion Plate, and a couple of humorous engravings. The literary department leads off with a biography of the beautiful but unhappy Queen, well written and interesting, though conceived in rather too favorable a spirit towards the Stuart race to suit us entirely. That family had their virtues, we admit, but they were weak, capricious, and sometimes deceitful. This article is followed by a story called "War, and The Paris Mesmerists;" a biography of the distinguished painter, Cole—an American by citizenship, though born in England—a poem to the Greek Slave, by Park Benjamin; an article on the "Jewish Subjects of the Russian Czar;" "The Story of the Jack Knife," by Ella Rodman; a poem by W. G. Simms; "Aspen Court," &c. The editor's table contains a number of good things—among them the following:—

THE WAY OF WRITING MODERN ROMANCES.—Albert rode with the speed of an arrow to the garden, sprang like the wind from his steed, climbed like a squirrel over the hedge, writhed like a snake through the palings, flew like a hawk to the arbor, crept up to her all unseen, threw himself passionately at her feet, swore frantically that he would shoot himself, was, however, immediately heard, seated himself in blessed delight at her side, sank on her bosom, swam in a sea of bliss—*all this was the work of a moment!*

TAXES ON GOOD NATURE.—The following, told us by the party interested, is a nice satire upon infliction in the shape of bundles and boxes, which are frequently put upon poor drivers on stage routes; which, by-the-bye, are daily getting beautifully less, thanks to the inroads of the iron-horse. Our informant says, while driving on one of those routes, some years ago, he was hailed by an old lady from a farm-house, who requested him to take a bedstead and its accompanying clothing to the next village. This was a poser to his gallantry—the last feather to break the back of his already overloaded coach; so he gently re- [illegible]

☞ "Well, old fellow; what are you going to do, now the Maine Law has passed?" "Do? Why, first rate, to be sure. I shall turn all my liquors together, spice them well, put them in half pint bottles, labelled Phenix Bitters, or Schiedam Schnapps, or Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, and in five years, you will see me building a gingerbread palace on the Fifth Avenue, with a private chapel and two parsons under regular salary. That's what *I* shall do!"

☞ "Ned Buntline," the organizer of the "mysterious order" in this country, writes in reference to the Native American question, as follows: "We no longer need secret societies—they were needed at first, but now they are a hindrance, a clog to our progress! Our principles are known, our party is formed, our banner is unfurled openly to the world, by our merits let us stand, or let us fall."

☞ It is humorously said that there ought to be plenty of women in the Allied camp, for each night the Russians come out with a fresh "Sally."

☞ "John, what is a gentleman?" "Stub toe boots, long tail coat, and a high shirt collar." "What is the chief end of man?" "To borrow money, to eat large dinners, to attend the opera, and to petition for an office." "What is a gentleman's first duty towards himself?" "To buy a pair of plaid pantaloons, and to raise a huge pair of whiskers."

☞ Water, says the Charlestown Courier, should never be applied to the top of a burning building if there is any possibility of getting it at the bottom of the fire. The secret of playing low is worth more than Philips' fire annihilator. Water applied at the top runs very little chance of reaching the central and hottest part of the fire; while water applied at the bottom reaches at least in the form of steam every part of the fire.

☞ A "furriner," no doubt to damage Samuel with his friends, has put in circulation a story that, "The Know Nothings have altered a portion of the Declaration of Independence, making it read thus: 'Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Irishmen.'"

☞ When a Lake Superior Indian gets the small-pox he closes the door of his hut—kills his dog, and then shoots himself. For arresting a contagion, we can imagine no plan more simple or effectual. Our Quarantine people will please notice.

☞ A friend of a correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times remarked, a day or two since, that he had a story of *great interest* to relate. "What is it?" "I know of fifty dollars being loaned at five per cent. a month, and *forty dollars* of it left with the lender as collateral!"

☞ At Ballard's Seminary, where young Chapin was prepared for college, it was customary for the teachers to call on them to relate some incident which had happened to themselves, or occurrence which had come under their observation. It was in the spring of the year when it is customary for farmers to have an over supply of mutton upon the family board, that Chapin was called upon to tell the truth. He rose very slowly from his seat, and quietly remarked, in answer to the request, "It's a *positive fact*—I've lived upon mutton so long that I am ashamed to look a sheep in the face," and sat down again amid roars of laughter from the whole school.

☞ The morning after the death of the Emperor Nicholas had been announced, the New [illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

GERMANY.—A Carlsruhe Journal of the 20th January, says:—"The Jesuits have been definitively expelled from Friburg. The Archbishop had sent for two of the body to preach during Lent, and had notified what he had done to the Minister of the Interior. An order was sent back that they should immediately quit the town, and they are now preparing to leave. The Archbishop has written to the Prince Regent on the subject."

A poor Dublin church minister, the Rev. Mr. Chichester, succeeds to the vast estates of the late Lord O'Neill, valued at £40,000 per annum, and free from incumbrances.

Thomas Fitzgerald, formerly United States Senator from Michigan, died at his residence, in Niles, recently.

MUSIC IN INDIA.—Miss Catharine Hayes gave a concert at Calcutta, on the 15th of January. She is the first *prima donna* that has visited the Hindoos, and therefore she created much excitement. The high price of admission—$8,00 for reserved, and $4,00 for other seats—created great dissatisfaction.

A WISE RESOLUTION.—Lynn Boyd, the late Speaker of the House of Representatives, says he is now determined to settle down at his home in Kentucky, and "shake from his shoes the dust of politics forever."

CHICAGO.—A correspondent of the Missouri Republican states that the city of Chicago derives its name from a small river flowing through it, which was called by the Indians, "She-kaw-ko," which means a polecat or skunk. The Chicagonians, therefore, should call the place by its original name: *Skunktown, or Polecatiana.*

SUNDAY ON THE CANAL.—The lock-tenders on the Schuylkill Canal have, it is said, been notified by the Superintendent of the Schuylkill Navigation Company that, on and after the first Sunday in April, their labors shall cease on that day. An effort is also being made, we learn, to afford religious instruction to them and their families.

FORCE OF THE WIND IN A TORNADO.—On the first of January, Bombay was visited by a cyclone or hurricane, which commenced about midnight and lasted six or seven hours. It began at South-East, and before its force was expended had gone round the compass to West North-West. At the height of the gale the pressure of the wind was equal to thirty-five pounds to the square foot—a force against which nothing living could stand up on open ground. The next morning the gardens appeared as if a heavy roller had passed over them, and the various directions in which the tall Palmyra palms had fallen, afforded a palpable indication of the revolving character of the storm.

Her Majesty the Empress of Austria has been safely delivered of a daughter. A general amnesty for political offences is decreed on the occasion of the accouchment of the Empress.

The Spanish Cortes voted the religious basis of the new constitution on the 28th of February. It is as follows:—"The nation binds itself to maintain and protect the worship and ministers of the Catholic religion, which Spaniards profess; but no Spaniard or foreigner shall be persecuted for his opinions or belief, so long as he does not manifest them by public acts contrary to religion."

A private letter from St. Thomas', dated 30th January, addressed to a commercial house in Rotterdam, states that the Island of Aves, which belongs to Holland, had been taken possession of by a party of Americans, and that the Dutch government steamer, the Lynx, had been despatched from St. Thomas', in order to compel them to evacuate the island.

Twelve of the principal brewers of Lille, France, have been tried for having formed a coalition for the purpose of increasing the price of beer from 50 centimes to 60 centimes the double quart. The tribunal sentenced five of the accused to fines of 2,000 francs each, two to fines of 1,000 francs each; one to a fine of 500 francs; the others to fines of 250 francs each; and all to pay the costs in proportion to the amount of their fines.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN VERMONT.—Mr. John P. Freeman has been tried by the Supreme Court at Woodstock, Vermont, on one hundred and fifteen counts for liquor selling, on seventy-six of which he was found guilty, fined $720 and costs, and sentenced to three months imprisonment.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—A sporting gentleman in New York offers to bet a large amount that during the coming summer he will drive from the Astor House to Union Square, in a light wagon drawn by rats. He calculates that he can accomplish the task with 100 rats in harness.

A SCARCITY OF CORN.—Mr. S. Rush yesterday bought forty bushels of corn in this city to take to his farm on the National Road, near the Maryland line, a distance of eighty-two miles, twenty-eight of which is by land. This is not like going to Egypt for corn, as of old, but is as near it as ever has been in this country.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—Mr. Atwood, the plaintiff in the case in England, so celebrated twenty-five years ago, against Small, and which resulted in making him the recipient of about half a million sterling, (nearly two and a half millions of dollars) is now a bankrupt, and will not pay more than a shilling in the pound.

The Emperor of the French spoke of his journey as certain, at the dinner given on the 11th to officers whose regiments he had reviewed, and the necessaries for encampment have been distributed to the officers of his household.

The Messrs. Dupont, in Delaware, are manufacturing powder for the French army in the Crimea. One of their mills exploded, a few days ago, but no serious damage was done.

At a public sale at Lyons, last week, an old picture, in a most filthy state, representing a "Venus Bathing," was knocked down to a shoemaker for 5f. The man, thinking that he saw some merit in it, gave it to a painter of his acquaintance to be cleaned. The painter offered him, a day or two afterwards, 150f. for it, but the shoemaker, thinking from the offer that the picture must be something superior, refused to part with it. He afterwards took it to a connoisseur, who declared it to be a Nicholas Poussin. The shoemaker has since refused 3,000f. for it.

By a recent Act of the Legislature of the State of Delaware, the town of Cantwell's Bridge will, on and after the first day of April, be known and styled by the name of Odessa.

OUR AFFAIRS WITH SPAIN.—A Washington dispatch mention a rumor that orders are about to go out to Havana for the naval force there to seek reparation for the so-called El Dorado outrage. The steamer Princeton, with ten heavy guns, is already there; the steamer Fulton, with five guns, and the sloop Falmouth with twenty guns, are either there now, or will be very soon. Very doubtful, this.

It turns out that all the parties implicated in the murder of Poole—Baker, Hyler, Linn, Van Pelt, Paudeen, McLaughlin, Irvin and Morrissey—are native-born citizens of the United States. There is not a foreigner among them.

PROSPECTS OF THE WHEAT CROP.—The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune, speaking of the wheat crop in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, says: "If no untoward event interposes between now and harvest, the North-West, which is in fact the granary of the Union, will turn out a surplus which will gladden the hearts of the breadless in our Eastern cities. There will be comparatively few men engaged in the construction of railroads in the West during the present season, all the great lines being nearly completed. This will reduce the consumption of non-producers, and cause a large amount of labor to return to agriculture—thus increasing our supply by the operation of two causes."

REVOLUTION BY CONTRACT.—Col. Clemens publishes a contract with Flores of Ecuador, containing the following stipulations. In consideration that Col. Clemens shall furnish the material aid of 2,000 armed Americans, with ships and munitions of war, to be employed in the overthrow of the present government of Ecuador, General Flores agrees to convey, and assure to the said Clemens [illegible]

LATE NEWS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DEATH OF THE CZAR CONFIRMED—ATTACK ON SEBASTOPOL RESUMED.

The Cunard steamer Asia has arrived with Liverpool dates to the 17th. The news by the Atlantic, which most of our readers got in a postscript, confirmed the death of the Czar, and announced that on the 2nd ult., the Emperor Alexander the Second ascended the throne, having peacefully succeeded his father. He has issued a manifesto, stating that he will adhere to the policy of his father, Nicholas.

The public attention is centred on the Vienna Conference, and the hopes and fears are about equally balanced as to the probabilities of peace. The Austrian and Prussian circulars have a peaceful appearance, but the manifesto of the Czar Alexander, to his army, is deemed very warlike. The Vienna Conference held its first formal meeting on the 15th. Gortschakoff, the Russian Ambassador, was not present.

The Allies have reopened their fire upon Sebastopol, and it is said with good effect.

The Roebuck Committee continues its sessions of inquiry into the conduct of the war.

The Emperor Napoleon's journey to the Crimea is believed to have been postponed.

The following is the manifesto issued by the Czar Alexander to his army, dated St. Petersburg, March 3rd:

Valiant Warriors—Faithful Defenders of the Church, the Throne and the Country—It has pleased Almighty God to visit us with a most painful and grievous loss. We have all lost a common father and benefactor. In the midst of his unwearied care for Russia's prosperity, and glory of the Russian army, the Emperor Nicholas Paulovitch, my most blessed father, has departed to eternal life. His last words were: "I thank the glorious Loyal Guard, who in 1825 saved Russia, and also thank my brave army and fleet, and pray God to maintain their courage and spirits, by which they have distinguished themselves under me. So long as this spirit remains to uphold Russia, her tranquillity is secured, both within and without, and wo to her enemies. I loved my troops as my own children, and strove as much as I could to improve their condition. If not entirely successful in that respect, it was from no want of will, but because I was unable to devise anything better, or to do more."

May these ever-memorable words remain preserved in your hearts as a proof of his sincere love for you, in which I share to the largest extent, and let them be a pledge of your devotion for me and Russia.

[Signed] ALEXANDER.

A postscript presents to the Guards the uniform of the deceased Emperor, and directs them to retain on their accoutrements the initials of Nicholas.

The manifesto concludes with the following: "May the sacred memory of Nicholas survive in our ranks, as a terror to the foe and the glory of Russia."

According to the English accounts, Nicholas, when last addressing Alexander, advised him to make peace even at the loss of the Russian influence in the Black Sea; that he (Nicholas) would take the responsibility, as he had not believed in the possibility of the Anglo-French Alliance, and that Alexander's constant effort should be to detach France from England, and to unite Russia with Austria and Prussia. Nicholas then added, perhaps, that his pride had been excessive, and God had humbled them therefor.

The Russian accounts say that Nicholas passed his last hours in the consolations of religion. All, except the family, having retired, he asked the Empress to repeat the Lord's Prayer. At the words, "Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven," Nicholas responded fervently, "always, always."

He was partially insensible for nearly two hours at noon, and said something about a message to a dear friend not named, and something of Alexander and the garrison at Sebastopol. In a few minutes afterwards he expired.

The body was exposed in the Chapel of Ardente, until the 16th, when it was interred with the usual solemnities.

The Czar's death happened shortly after noon on Friday, March 2nd, as reported by the arrival of the Africa. His disease was atrophy of the lungs, and he suffered only a few days' illness. His last words to the Empress were: "Tell Frederick, King of Prussia, to continue attached to Russia, as he has hitherto been, and not to forget his father's words." It is said that a few days before his death, he succeeded in effecting a complete reconciliation between his two eldest sons, Alexander and Constantine, who were at variance.

The Peace Congress had formally met at Vienna on the 15th. There were present one French, two English, two Austrian, and two Turkish representatives. The Russian Plenipotentiary was not present.

The telegraphic reports from thence, say that the discussion of the general basis of negotiation terminated satisfactorily.

There were rumors current that Austria and England would be content without the demolition of Sebastopol; but Napoleon absolutely insists upon that as one condition.

VIENNA, Friday Night.—At the Conference yesterday, the Plenipotentiaries exchanged powers, and proceedings were entered upon. The four bases, and the interpretation given them by the Allies, having been set forth, the Representative of Russia accepted them verbally. One of the Plenipotentiaries was thereupon deputed to draw up a minute or protocol of that which to be signed to-morrow (Saturday) the first thing. When the Ambassadors meet, this document will constitute the basis of negotiations for peace.

PARIS, Friday Night.—The mission of Gen. Wedell has completely failed. Prussia refuses to accede to the treaty with the Allies, and will not therefore be admitted to participate in the conferences.

The accounts from Sebastopol state that the Allies had resumed their firing upon the town. Letters received to the 1st of March explain the discrepancy between the French and Russian accounts of the storming of the redoubt on the night of the 23rd of February. The French did storm and capture two Russian redoubts, but finding them untenable, from the murderous fire from the walled batteries of their enemies, they blew up the redoubts and retired with the loss of 100 killed and 300 wounded.

The following is a despatch from General Menschikoff, under date of the 1st of March: During last night we erected a second redoubt, in front of that which is on the side of our fortifications. It was impossible for the enemy to prevent us.

March 2nd.—The sickness at Balaklava is decreasing. The weather is clear and frosty. Three miles of railway are in operation.

March 3rd.—The Russians are fortifying, in a formidable manner, the Valley of Inkermann. They are also erecting mortar batteries at Kamara, and threatening Balaklava. Two more ships have been sunk in the Harbor of Sebastopol.

March 7th.—The official despatch from the French Government, giving information of the death of the Emperor Nicholas, has just been received:—Yesterday we threw rockets upon Kamiesch, and set the town on fire. Two Russian officers deserted to the English. The siege works are proceeding with the greatest activity. [Signed] BRUAT.

March 8th.—Nothing important has occurred. The reported battle between the Allies and the Russians, in which Osten Saken was reported wounded, is false.

The Austrian Government has notified France and England, that the mission of the Austrian Archduke, William, to St. Petersburg, is an act of sympathy merely.

Austria has addressed a circular to the Germanic Federal Governments, informing them that an Austrian Commissioner will present a new proposition towards an effectual mobilization of the Germanic contingents. The circular also insists on the necessity of being prepared for all eventualities.

Prussia has issued circulars to her diplomatic and consular agents, stating that there is reason to believe that the negotiations now in progress will terminate in the restoration of peace.

Prussia, by decree, prohibits the exportation of articles contraband of war.

Gen. Menschikoff has gone to Moscow. The Grand Dukes Constantine and Michael are on their way to St. Petersburg from the Crimea; consequently it is not true that the Grand Duke Michael had been killed.

Gen. Osten-Sacken now commands at Sebastopol. Gen. Luders is at Odessa.

Count Szamosky is organizing, at Schumla, a second regiment of Turkish Cossacks in which Poles are to be enrolled.

There is much doubtful talk of autograph letters passing between the Monarchs of Europe. It is said the Czar Alexander has written to the King of Prussia, soliciting his advice, stating that Russia has notified England and France of the death of the Emperor Nicholas, and that the Emperor of Austria has written to the Emperor Napoleon that he thinks the negotiation will lead to peace.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Committee of Inquiry into the state of the army before Sebastopol, has been ten days in session, and is still prosecuting its labors. Earl Lucan, Colonel Kinlock, commissariat officer, and J. McDonald, administrator of the London Times fund, have been examined. The evidence confirms the worst reports as to mismanagement.

The patriotic fund exceeds £1,000,000 sterling.

The ship Great Republic had arrived at London. There was no dock large enough to admit her.

The steamer Great Britain sailed from Cork on the 13th, with 1,750 men for the Crimea.

An encampment was being prepared for the Foreign Legion, near Folkstone.

Since the death of Nicholas, the general aspect of monetary and commercial affairs has undergone a favorable change, and hopes of a cessation of hostilities are more generally entertained.

The supply of gold is increasing, and discounts are at present made at from 4½ to 4¾ for first class short bills.

Dates from Melbourne to the 9th of January, report all again quiet there. Several failures had occurred.

Nothing is said by the last arrival of the reported disagreement between Louis Napoleon and England relative to the Roebuck inquiry into the war.

It is rumored that Schamyl, in conjunction with the forces of Nail Mohammed, will invade the Crimea by way of Anapa and the Sea of Azof.

Orders have been given to prepare to transport from Toulon 50,000 men and eight thousand horses.

The Moniteur officially contradicts the calumny against Gen. Forri, that he was in correspondence with the enemy. Forri, however, is recalled.

SPAIN.—The Madrid correspondence of the Times gives, in detail, the government account of the recent conspiracy in Cuba, and says the government has received confidential communications from General Concha that the condition of Cuba inspires him with considerable [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

ODE TO ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

Oh! fears of shame! oh! dogs of war!
O helpless slaves, of helpless woe!
The crime, the guilt, the curse, the fear,
Thy sons' murderers, deep thrown,
Them in my lady's bed they bear,
The time they wander in our bed,
Let their own mothers' forms declare!
Our daughters, our sisters, our wives,
Our mothers, our children, our aged sires,
Could we not shield them from your lives?
Can gyves be armed and shield as men,
Their trembling palms we receive?
Can fetters, forged, hearing breathe—
The plunder of the land our sons,
Are pestilent, all too ungodly,
But flow most loud and hated by eyesids.

Then shut the gate ye trusted in;
For them, ye crept from sin to sin;
Slash home! slash home, each murderer dies;
Make smith a lord, make tooth a drudge,
Make sound inherit the wide page
Of principles as high and clear
As heaven itself
Or heaven itself
Ye gift the enemies, borne and dead,
Mend the earth out with a rule
Of a fat, weighed, minute, a true golden scales
And, surely, the law never fails—
Who shall the sinner escape, but the sinner fail—
"The golden standard is the thing
To which the beggar, lord and king,
All of the's shelter, come at last."
Oh, mighty gods! Oh, noble men!
They are your all; ye cannot lose;
Your gold is but the dross of earth,
Your gain is the gain, no more than
Gold, gold to all! To count the
Unto heaven with ingots rugen and thin;
Rear up your arms another their feet.
Those are the gods ye trusted in;
They can deliver you and will!

Oh! brave waking! mocking dream!
Ye gifts but worn crime,
The idols are but clay,
Your pride is murderers, their glories only scum!
The hour is full of fear,
Men pale at what they feel and know,
And the universal children cry;
Tyrus's dominion everywhere, there's not one mighty!
The nations stand again,
In dubious silence,
To see Britannia's sinking form,
Her bronzed supreme and the splendid hour
Through which they have stood,
At the burning hour,
And shrieks of women and children are sorry infin—
Would be a judging when the storm
Rends the firmest cord,
And shows her hook and bound.
A fable crime that hides for shelter from her die

Oh, mother of our sons! can nothing break
This leaden apathy of thine?
Think of the long and glorious line
Of heroes who beside thy throne
Hearken for news from their!
Again their forms I see,
With saddled heads and trustful faces bowed—
Hands stout as theirs, faces as stout and proud!
The Norman his horse low
In William's knightly host;
The Saxon his pointed sword
With Cœur de Lion's strong arm;
In ancient days!
The Dane with the Roman steed,
The Scot on a shaggy pony;
When the rapid Harry, with his close-clutched hand,
Smothers in silence his sorrow!
Or his force eyes hello well
Where his bold daughter leads her sharp foot-up,
And presses her quivering lip
While the storm, sweeping high up the arrow heaven
Father and son, and pat them both aside,
As with a hand of fate!
As a love from his heir,
Axis with his eyes such excitement bow
As his crowned brothers neither then
To answer nor wish.

How shall he make reply,
The shadow line drawn nigh,
The stone cenotaph, the grave of hope,
Whose present rules, blow by blow,
Are but the steps to the dark tomb?
Are gyves his point to free and slaves?
What shall he say when this storm bend
Crash at his window-sash?
And trembling, hold in fear,
Lest the thirty pieces of silver be his?
"What of our England?" ask

Ah, shameful, shameful task!
To tell to make like this!
Of her tempted guided sires,
Of her home, dull heroes!
Of her sons, dull lovers for true,
How she again treasure;
How with shrieks she completes,
How she answers, and then forgets,
How she prizes at first and from
With right and shame about,
How she fastens upon her foe,
Her own life-blood, and then
Her own life-blood, and then
Let her mien and crushed way,
Filling wrong not her ear
As tottering she goes
Down the path where falsehood ends

Methinks I see the awful brow
Of Cromwell wrinkle at the tale falsely,
See the hot flushes on his forehead rise,
Hear his low growl of scorn;
It's time the noble men were remembered to you,
That with all its many faults,
Its hasty strokes and hasty hate,
Its the truth was ever true!
Oh! shame not the noble dead
Who through storm and slaughter led,
With rod, and voice, and sword,
Winning glory, grace by grace,
To the old their battery cause
With such unutterable splendor given!

Awake! thy spirit yet remains!
To battle fate and conquer fate!
To end among your lords
Your shattered government, if they
Have not the power to remedy; the other
Among such lords! and give the men
Which cannot give it the right to rule!
What loss there remain with a few
Lazy hours awaken and hasten the spirit—
Give them the rule! Atone your sins,
Look downward to your heart full loyally
To whom your manner into blind fears,
And let their wants appeal
Somewhere, I trust to God, remain,
Unmarred by the guilty years.
Here worship of an English sire
Still lives and lives, as worship is long-yet,
Remain truth, and strain a blow for right,
And who have ever the power to smite
Neither is rank nor gold,
No single man's strength and zeal,
But in high cause, and God the end
Will throw in their
Which holds,
Which, in the long, the feeble lay,
Laugh at the day and shame of fate,
Which, in the long, the feeble lay,
Laugh at the day and shame of fate,
Which, in the long, the feeble lay,
Laugh at the day and shame of fate,

Biography.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE LATE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

Nicholas Fauderich, the son of Paul the First and Marie Feodorowna, was the fifteenth sovereign of the Romanoff dynasty, if the imperial historians are to be believed. In reality, he was the eighteenth sovereign of the Holstein-Gotty dynasty, the Romanoff race having become extinct with Peter III. The Holstein are of German descent; their name is even difficult of pronunciation in Russian lips. Nicholas, aware, that the Muscovite pride would feel but little flattered to owe the sacred person of their sovereign to a descendant of the Germans, (Germans,) always carefully suppressed his real family name. The courtiers maintained, in spite of all proof to the contrary, that the blood flowing in the veins of the Czar was Russian to the last drop. Gallenbach, however, informs us that the poet Pouchkin was of a contrary opinion. "He had," says Gedrovine, "a habit of illustrating the nationality of the reigning family in a whimsical manner. He would point to a man, a glass of pure red wine, in honor of Peter I., whose Russian origin could not be disputed. He should, [said] pointing, have stopped there, and turned the glass upside down; but, faithful to the principle of the Romanoffs, he would finish making the Gotteps pass for the Romanoffs, he would pour in another glass—a glass of Asaff. This time he should, perhaps, have poured a glass of water, but fancying he was pleasing the court, he would pass on and pour another glass of water for Marie Feodorowna, the mother of Nicholas. In then a fourth, for the reigning Empress, and he obtained at last a liquor so slightly tinged with what he would desire to produce, that at length, when he called upon his audience to decide as to whether it was wine or water he was showing them, and whether, by consequence, the reigning Czars were really Russian or German." This Muscovite pleasantry had the merit of expressing the exact truth with reference to the then-national pretensions of the Emperor Nicholas.

It is, however, curious to remark, by the way, that in spite of the strong dose of Russian sense of the Gotteps race to pass for Romanoffs, they do not care at all for it to show in the qualities that belong to them as representatives of the older branch of Holstein; thus Nicholas invariably added to the unutterable silence attached to the Cossack those of Heir of Norway, Duke of Oldenburg, of Shorter, of Rimersten, and Oldenburg.

Nicholas was twenty-nine years of age when he came to the throne. Born the year of Catherine's death, (1796,) he had been educated under the eye of his excellent mother, the Empress Maria, from whom he had derived sound religious instruction and high moral principles. Childhood had rolled from him the awful tragedy which closed his father's days, and the great wars which terminated with the battle of the Kremlin. Warned by the example of his brothers, his education had been severe, till he had attained his majority, when he was united to Louise Charlotte, daughter of Frederic William III., of Prussia, a lady whose amiable character and fond affection have never been questioned. From the period of his marriage till his accession, he had, like all members of the imperial family, devoted himself to military studies. He lived retired, and spent most of his time in the barracks. It does not appear that he derived much fond from this perseverance. He never was a good General, and frequently displayed such want of skill as to expose him to the ridicule of his officers. If we are to believe the works of some of his countrymen, he mostly contrived to frustrate the success of his own army in 1829, by his ill-judged interference and injudicious manœuvres.

The very day of his accession, the most formidable revolt that Russia had known since the days of Michael Romanoff, broke out at the capital. It was not favorable to the strength or the skill by which it was marked; a couple of thousand officers and men, if intellect compound its entire forces, and their plans were wofully defective. But it differed from all former insurrection in its principle. They never had been family quarrels for power, court intrigues, assortments of lamentations among the soldiery—this was the first direct blow struck for popular rights. The aim of Kyrlief in the revolt, and Pestel in the south, was to overthrow the autocracy of the Czars by a constitutional monarchy, as it existed then—from for themselves and their fellow-countrymen; and though they foresaw that the struggle might involve the death of the Czar, they regarded as a mere incidental circumstance, and not the main object of their movement. They would have accepted even Constantine, had he offered them constitutional guarantees for their national rights. An insurrection on this ground was a new and startling event for Russia.

On the 25th of December the oath was to be administered to the regiments. Instead of swearing, several abandoned their barracks, and marched to the Great Square in St. Petersburg, where the statue of Peter the Great rears, shouting, Hurrah for Constantine! They might as well have shouted, Hurrah for the Pope! as for their purpose was—but all insurgents must have a rallying cry. Confiding him son to a loyal Finnish regiment, Nicholas took the command of a few trusty battalions, and advanced against the rebels. He tried again and again to direct them from their purpose; but failing, resorted at last, at night, to the final argument of the sword. They were incapable of resisting, and in an hour after the first cannon shot, the streets were cleared, and the insurrection was at an end. Like Alexander, Nicholas had his Moscow; and several other leaders were taken, together with Pestel, whose influence in the south were anticipated. These two eminent men—the one a stern republican of the old Roman school, the other a knight of the middle ages—direct line of principle, and who thought of nothing but the welfare of their country; the other a chivalrous young officer, full of nobility, eloquence and generosity, who aspired to be a Washington, on the borders of the Neva. After the deep had fallen, three of the ropes broke, and the bodies of the conspirators fell heavily into the grave already dug at their feet—"Cursed work!" exclaimed Kyrlief, as he expired, "I trust in God, ultimately, I shall be guiltless."

Most worthy of an English son!
Both men who died, as worthy a long-yet,
Remain truth, and strain a blow for right,
And who have ever the power to smite
Neither is rank nor gold,
No single man's strength and zeal,
But in high cause, and God the end
Will throw in their
Which holds,
Which, in the long, the feeble lay,
Laugh at the day and shame of fate,
Which, in the long, the feeble lay,
Laugh at the day and shame of fate,
Which, in the long, the feeble lay,
Laugh at the day and shame of fate,

But in truth he could do no less. There is no compromise possible between despotism and revolution. Nicholas had to choose between crushing out every spark of intellect and freedom, and submitting to them. He chose the former. The domestic system which marked the whole of his career, show that he was not a bad man, as Paul and Peter were. His immense labors for the codification of the Russian laws prove that he considered the good of his country. Even his implacable and cruel resentment at the delinquencies of corrupt officers argues a sincere interest in the popular welfare.

In all that we have said about Nicholas, it can be seen that one general idea regulated his policy. Struck by the evils which has been the lot of his brother Alexander, he determined to take in all things the contrary course to that which had been adopted by his predecessor. Alexander inclined toward liberal ideas. Nicholas showed himself anti-liberal to excess.

When the poet Pouchkin died, mourning was universal throughout Russia, the Emperor himself taking part in it. A young man, eighteen years of age, who had written some lines caused, wrote an ode in honor of the deceased poet, and in which he held out to himself some hopes of immortality. The ode was found in the ornaments of Russian literature. The Czar could not wish with a favorable eye upon this audacious young man, who coveted glory in a country where it belonged to the sovereign alone; and the worshipper of the Muses was sent to calm the ardor of his imagination beneath the frosts of Tobolsk. He came back at the end of three years, sick and entirely disgusted with poetic glory. Alexander used to affect to pay the most respect to the rules of the liturgical language and customs, and did not consult his partiality for foreigners. Nicholas was a fanatic in behalf of the customs, language, and religion of Russia.

Of the external policy of Nicholas's reign and of the wars in which he engaged, it is not our intention to treat here. We shall have nothing more properly to the domain of history.

The firmly established reputation of the late Czar as a handsome man, bespoke us on the subject of his person. The numerous portrait writers have undertaken this task, but we prefer to leave the description himself as ably as the Prince Pozzo Kalofski, for which reason we quote him in preference:

"Nicholas was six feet within," has the noblest face I have ever seen in my life. The habitual expression of his features was that of gentleness and severity which is far from putting the beholder at his ease. His smile is a smile of complaisance, and which has nothing of the attractive. There is something approaching the prodigious in the power of calmness. In his glance he speaks with veracity, with simplicity, and the majesty of sovereignty; still he says in full of pride and meanness. He is the most affable and sort of the place. There is nothing in the face of the Czar which can communicate to persons that indicates haughtiness or dissimulation, and yet you feel that his heart is closed.

The personal habits of the Emperor were such that the most devout Israelite, a Turk, would ride, walk, superintend a sham fight, attend a review, all in the same day. He travelled incessantly, passed over at least one thousand five hundred leagues every season, and was the master-strength of all who were attached to his person.

The ambition of Nicholas and his end was to be excited other than political causes, as has frequently been predicted, or from sheer physical exhaustion. Nothing could have been more unnatural amount of exertion, both mental and physical, than the life he constantly led. Nicholas himself. He was in his 59th year at the time of his death.

The Czar is succeeded by his eldest son, Alexander Constantinovitch, Hereditary Grand Duke. He was born on the 29th of April, 1818, and married in April, 1841, Marie, daughter of the Grand Duke Louis II. of Hesse, by whom he has four sons.

A SAGACIOUS TEACHER.

The Johnstown (Pa.) Tribune publishes the following as an extract from a letter written by a boy family by a young Miss who is attending a reading school in the interior:

"I must tell you about an office of Friend H.'s that happened last Saturday. A young man who had been paying attentions to her sister, had agreed to come and pass off as her brother, and spend the night accordingly. The pretence that he was taking her to his father's, and that he was her brother's friend. So he they came and live within a hundred miles of this.

"Well, he came according to appointment, introduced himself as Miss Brown's cousin, and asked to take her home with him to spend the afternoon. Miss W. said she had not the slightest objection, asked how far it was and in what direction it lay, and was told that it was some distance, and to hold fresh in the south. But when Emma was ready to start Miss W. told her that she would not allow her to go that, as their carriage was large enough for them, and it would be along with them part of the way, and stop at a friend's who lived a short distance from the road that Emma was to take, and from there she could get a hack or the same back in the evening. Of course Emma could not refuse, but told her they would be glad to have her go with them, and though they would have a dull time with her sister, as they were going to a funeral, but for it by having a nice social ride after Miss W. dropped at the friend's.

"So off they started in fine spirits, and when they had gone three or four miles they began to wonder that every house they came to was not to take that home with them, and that the road was getting more lonely every minute, but neither could quite make up their minds to say anything. Emma grew more and more uneasy, and, as they had gone so far and it was drawing late, they would not have time to find the right way.

"So they came back to town, and when Miss W. got out of the carriage, she told Emma that when he ascertained how the road had been changed, he would be very happy to go along with them on Saturday to spend the afternoon at her uncle's. Since that we have heard nothing of Mr. ——, and it will be a long time before she take her from the large—to her uncle's."

Selected Sketch.

LOCUSTS.

An Eastern summer is full of wonders; but there is nothing more striking than it moves entirely together, that these vast flights of locusts which sometimes destroy the vegetation of whole kingdoms in a few days, and make a land around a garden, once a wilderness.

Their approach is announced till-side—for most the end of May. There is a sharp pattering noise, like that of April rain in Scotland, only much louder, and proceeding from all quarters, and the sky, which was before perfectly clear, becomes suddenly overcast, and assumes a yellowish tint, like that which precedes a thunder-storm. The obscurity is occasioned by the vast body of insects which are passing between the earth and the sun, and which, when they fall upon the ground, are frequently found to be from two to three inches deep.

The noise and the obscurity last about an hour, when the former gradually ceases, and the latter disappears, leaving behind it a few straggling individuals, which are destined to be the parents of a future generation.

The inhabitants of the country immediately attacked by these destructive visitants, for they are considered as a blessing sent from heaven, and not to be averted by human means. Every one is employed in lighting fires, and in kindling a great number of fires in the fields, which are kept up during the whole night. The noise produced by the beating of drums, the firing of guns, and the shouts of the people, are likewise employed to drive away the locusts, which, allured by the light, frequently fall into the fires in such numbers as entirely to extinguish them.

Notwithstanding all these efforts, however, the greater part of the locusts generally escape, and proceed on their journey. Their appearance is then very different from what it was when they first arrived. Instead of being plump and full of life, they are shrivelled and languid, and seem to be perishing from old age. Their wings are worn to tatters, and their bodies have become of a pale yellow color. In this state they are blown into the sea by the wind, and perish in great numbers. Their bodies are then thrown on shore by the waves, and emit a most offensive smell, which frequently occasions infectious diseases.

Mr. Pardington.—So they went on Tuesday to qualify the Governor, do they?" said Mrs. Partington to the member from Brookline, as he called to see her husband. "I wish he had been to qualify the Governor to let him alone. He's got to qualify to be a legislator, and I'm sure he has his hands full enough to qualify all the members! for goodness sakes, Ike, what's that you're whittling through." The member pleaded an engagement on a Committee, and disappeared behind the door of the State House, while the old lady went to seek Ike, who was viewing the statue of Washington. "I declare for't, Ike, I wish my husband would make if it was cut up.—*Boston Post.*

Labor.—The cotton of fashion is constant and manners approximates to a circle; that is it starts from a given point, and in due process of time returns to it. The following is a case in illustration: An old farmer came aboard a steamer bound for Boston, and was one day at the shanghai (as it is termed) overstock, with shirts preposterously long. A friend came to him, and exclaimed, "Why, you old fool!—you who disregard the fashions, now wear such shirts as these? Why, this gives I have been out of the fashion these thirty years." "Why, bless your soul," replied the farmer, laughing, "this very coat I am now wearing is the identical coat I wore when I was a boy twenty years ago."

Relief for Anything.—Senator Dickerson said, that if he found that the horse he rode [illegible] he would dismount, and walk by the side of it. He would not be willing to be carried over a horse, and consequently willing to take up with a fly. There is a story told of Gen. Marshall, a member of Congress from Kentucky, who, when he was speaking, our friend Dobson applied for a "time-saving machine." "Why, Dobson," said the member, "you have no occasion for any such thing. You are a long-winded speaker, and you have only to commence and you will go on for an hour and a half, and the succeeding one will, in all probability, be too lobby. inactive and clumsy.—*English Paper.*

Coming From the Rear.—A farmer, J. B. A., in the Rural New Yorker, says that scalding hogs under the tail prevents their being either cut or cooked food. "My plan is this:—Have your barrel and kettle conveniently arranged; then, as a hog comes out you wish to feed at once, then pour on boiling water enough to scald the most furthought, but it should be done after; then pour on cold water enough to cool it properly. The scalding, as is readily observed, will affect only the outside of the hair, and the meat, so that when fed the meal will not scald in the system. This plan I have adopted this fall, and feel we hogs do much better than on raw or even cooked food."

Sarsaparilla Palaee.—The editor of the Boston Post has discovered that there is enough worth of boob at Sarsaparilla Townsend's palace. He calls it a "curiosity shop," a "dime museum," and "a Barnum of the age," in which looks more like a gallery," with its [illegible] dingbats and its big mastodon, its library, with "dismal accommodations," its "meeting house" and gymnasium, and "private theatre," and concludes with this grim hint: "Some three years ago, the building was a dry-goods store, large enough, by setting the tables close together, to seat two hundred persons. Now it is a museum, and a barber's shop, with its row of water basins has displaced the old-fashioned counter, and the sawdust-covered floor has its survey of glaring colors, tawdry ornaments and nonsense gilding, says."

We are unable to make the detailed description of this indescribable edifice. Given an end-less variety of gilt and glass, of stuffed birds and grotesque forms for casting it, yellow, blue and red paint, gilding by the square foot, and a dash in it of an ignorant and almost sense painter, and we have the inside thereof in full. We are unwillingly reminded of the Crystal Palace, especially, as there is but one for confectionery, barber, nursery maid, and children's dining-room, and a gallery for pictures, gaudy, nobody and all. Neither should we overlook the [illegible] gymnasium, in which gilded clubs and wooden dumb-bells are made specimens of the muscles which can be developed by exercise. In Franco the animal products are but [illegible] of the animal products exported to country, put a quill in their mouths to breathe through whilst running. They go at the rate of about five miles an hour, and find this propulsion promote shortness of breath. They likewise carry a pole about eight feet long to aid them, which facilitates their course somewhat like the fly-wheel of a steam engine. It is common with boys, too, when running, to put a pebble in their mouths. The object of these practices is plainly to retard the expansion of the air from the lungs—to render the breathing deeper and slower.

Power of Capital.—*Finlay Dun.* is an essay in the January number of Putnam's Monthly, entitled "Jack Downing in Europe," in which the following sketch of Gen. Jackson's visit to Paris is given:

"Jack Downing" is the name of a fictitious character, who, in the days of Gen. Jackson, was a favorite with the people. He was represented as a shrewd, droll, country fellow, who, by his quaint sayings and doings, was the means of keeping the people in a good humor with the administration. Jack Downing, in his visit to Europe, was introduced to the King of the French, and, in the course of the interview, the King asked him if he had ever seen Gen. Jackson. Jack replied that he had seen him frequently, and that he was a very plain man. "Well," said the King, "I should like to see him. Can you bring him to Paris?" "I don't know," said Jack, "but I'll try." Jack returned to America, and, on his arrival, went to the President, and told him that the King of the French would like to see him. "Well," said Jack, "I'll try." "Yes," answered the gentleman. "Jack Downing, I will not go."